

No. 5.

BAL: 5510 Note
Not 1st Ed

New Edition.
SONG OR QUARTETTE.

BEN BOLT

A favorite

SONG

THE WORDS BY

T. Dunn English Esq.

THE MUSIC COMPOSED

& Respectfully Dedicated to

PETER LAWSON

BY

R. SINCLAIR.

Plate IV.

New York FIRTH, POND & CO. / *Franklin Square*

New Orleans, W. T. MAYO.

T. Dunn English

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Sinclair

1850

1897Q

BEN BOLT.

Composed by R. SINCLAIR.

VOICE.

PIANO

FORTE.

2nd VERSE. Un - - - der the hick - - o - - ry tree, Ben Bolt, Which stood at the foot of the
 O dont you re - mem - ber sweet Al - - ice, Ben Bolt, Sweet Al - - ice, with hair so
 hill, To - - - geth - - er we've lain in the noon - - - day shade, And
 brown, Who wept with de - light when you gave her a smile, And

3

list--en'd to Ap-ple--tons mill. The mill-wheel has fall--en to

trembled with fear at your frown; In the old church-yard, of the

pieces, Ben Bolt, The raf--ters have tum--bled in, And a

val-ley, Ben Bolt, In a cor--ner ob-scure and a-lone, They have

qui--et which crawls round the walls as you gaze, Has fol--low'd the old--en

fit--ted a slab of the gran-ite so gray, And Al--ice lies un--der the

din.

stone.

*Where the Quartette is used omit this Symphony until final ending.

QUARTETTE.

In the old church-yard of the valley, Ben Bolt, In a corner ob-scure and a-

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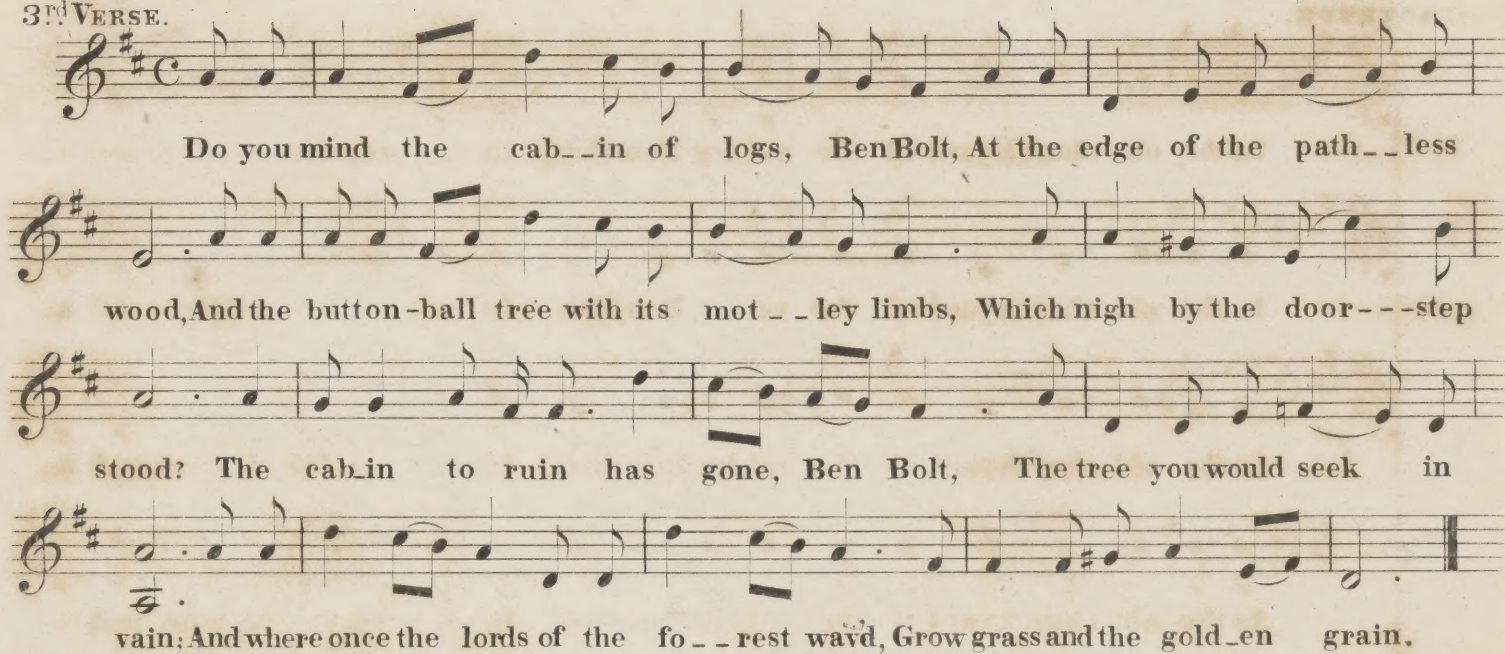
In the old church-yard of the valley, Ben Bolt, In a corner ob-scure and a-

-lone, They have fit_ted a slab of the granite so gray, And Al_ice lies un_der the stone.

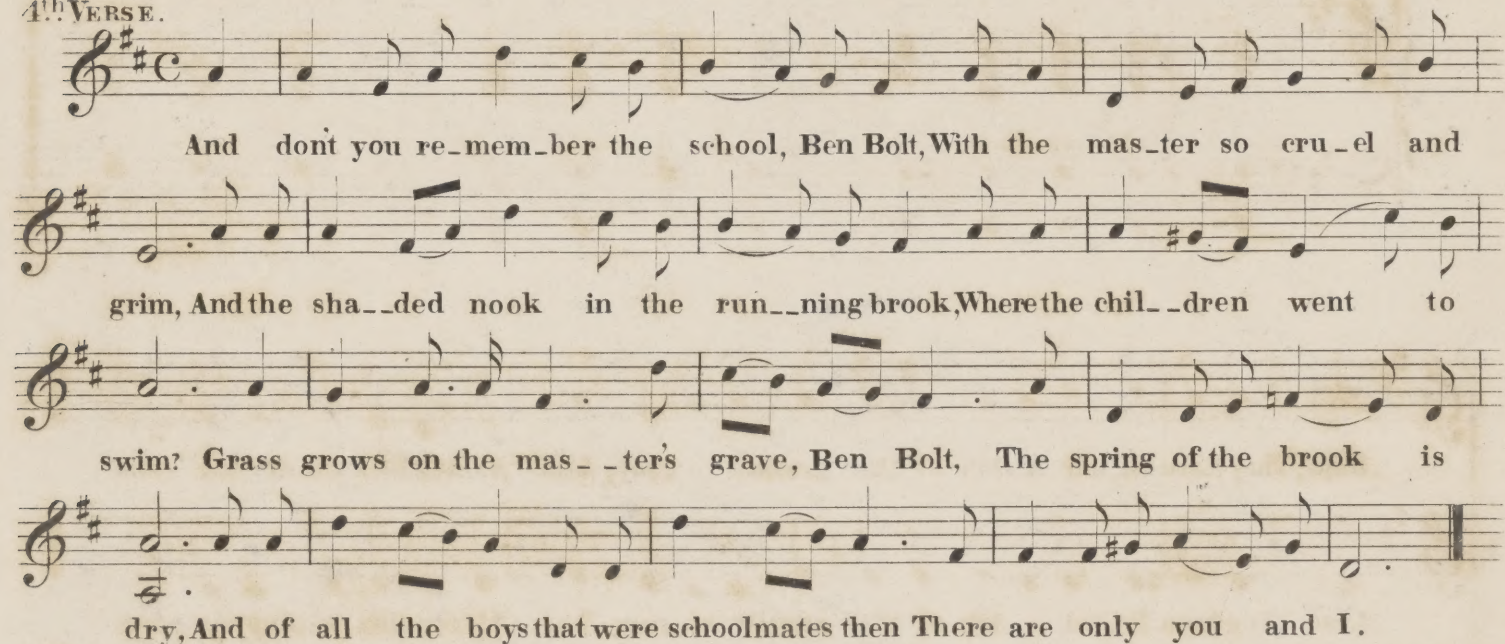
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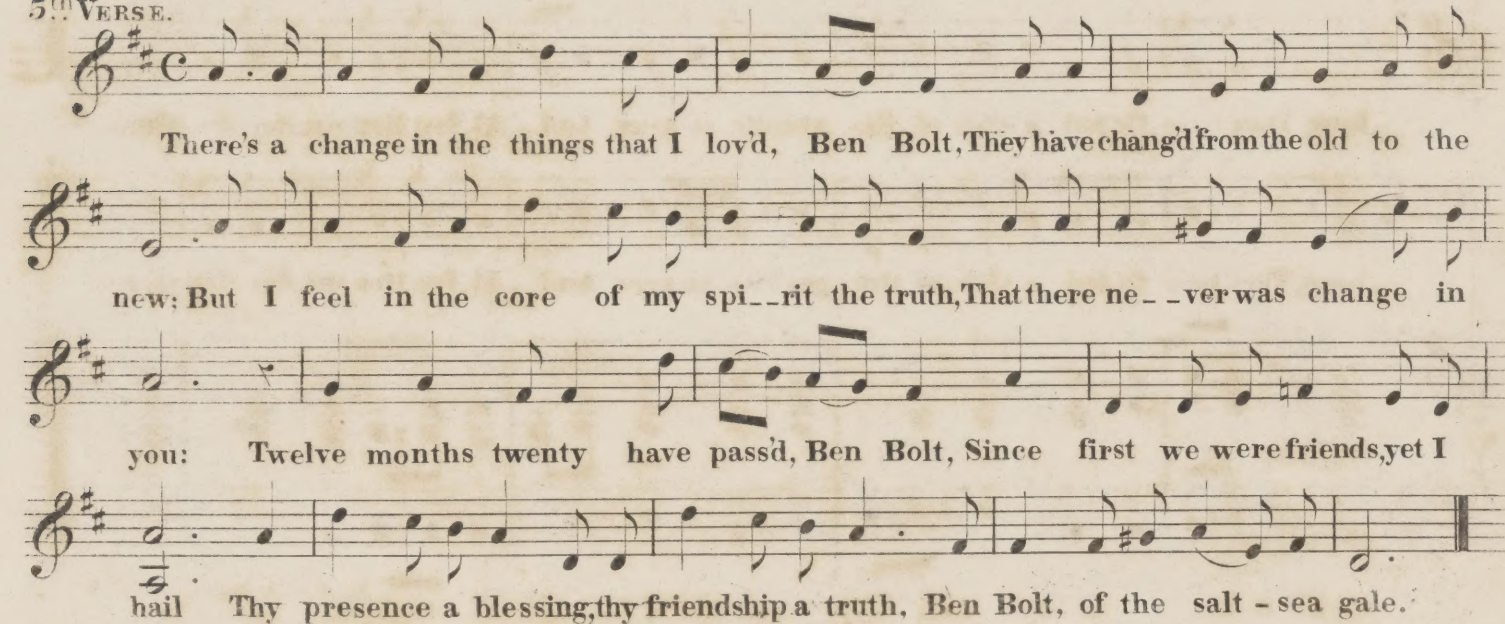
-lone, They have fit_ted a slab of the granite so gray, And Al_ice lies un_der the stone.

3rd VERSE.


Do you mind the cab_in of logs, Ben Bolt, At the edge of the path_--less
wood, And the button-ball tree with its mot_--ley limbs, Which nigh by the door_--step
stood? The cab_in to ruin has gone, Ben Bolt, The tree you would seek in
vain; And where once the lords of the fo_--rest wai'd, Grow grass and the gold_en grain.

4th VERSE.


And dont you re_mem_ber the school, Ben Bolt, With the mas_ter so cru_el and
grim, And the sha_ded nook in the run_--ing brook, Where the chil_dren went to
swim? Grass grows on the mas_--ter's grave, Ben Bolt, The spring of the brook is
dry, And of all the boys that were schoolmates then There are only you and I.

5th VERSE.


There's a change in the things that I lov'd, Ben Bolt, They have chang'd from the old to the
new; But I feel in the core of my spi_--rit the truth, That there ne_--ver was change in
you: Twelve months twenty have pass'd, Ben Bolt, Since first we were friends, yet I
hail Thy presence a blessing, thy friendship a truth, Ben Bolt, of the salt-sea gale.

